



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

SCIENCE

Z

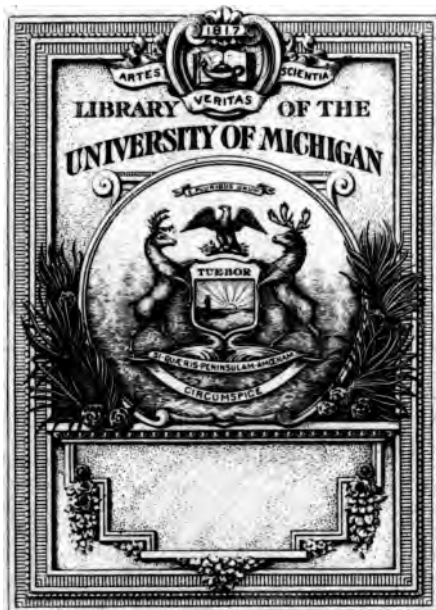
1001

.P23

1914

B 1,017,687





Library Science

Z

1001

.P23

1914

Essay on Bibliography

and on the
Attainments of a Librarian

By
Parent, the Elder

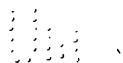
Translated by
Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer

The Librarian's Series

Edited by
John Cotton Dana and Henry W. Kent

Number Four

Woodstock Vermont The Elm Tree Press
1914



INTRODUCTORY NOTE

All we know about the author of the following address is what we may gather from the essay, and that is little enough. He was a teacher of history in some college or school, probably in the École Centrale du Département de la Nièvre, whose professors he addresses as colleagues. We might be led to guess that he was a librarian, as well, because only a philosopher, or a bookseller, or a librarian would take the trouble to arrange in a neat little chart so much of human knowledge as is found here; and only a French librarian of the early nineteenth century, when the whole social fabric was mad over systems of every kind, would have had enthusiasm enough to address a group of students of history on such a subject. Indeed there is no biographical reference to Parent l'ainé anywhere, so far as we know, except a brief note which may be construed into one, in Peignot's article *Système bibliographique*, in his *Dictionnaire raisonné de bibliogïe*; and this would not be worth mentioning except that it

shows that there really was such a person. No one would have doubted the fact if Barbier in his *Dictionnaire des ouvrages anonymes* had not treated the work as anonymous, and had not boldly ascribed it to one Jean-Félicissime Adry, a quite forgotten librarian of the Oratory in Paris, the editor of a long list of books, and writer of several volumes. Peignot says:

"Ce que je viens de citer est tiré d'une petite brochure très intéressante que le citoyen Parent vient de publier, sous le titre *Essai sur la Bibliographie et sur les talens du bibliothécaire*. Je l'ai déjà citée à l'article Bibliothécaire."

This would seem to show that Peignot knew Parent, and had communication with him about the classification, thus giving the lie to Barbier, who at once becomes a lesson to the careful cataloguer. It must be said in his extenuation, however, that Barbier may not have seen *la petite brochure*, because, rarissima today, it may have been rare enough not to have fallen into his hands.

Parent would seem to us to have been a librarian, not alone because of his absorption in bibliography, as witnessed by this book, and the *nota bene*, at the end of it: "Cet essai sera suivi de l'histoire caractéristique de la Bibliographie chez toutes les nations; depuis les quipos de l'Amérique, jusqu'à

l'immortelle collection de l'Encyclopédie"—a promise unluckily never fulfilled—but also because of his wise counsel on the duties of the members of this profession, and his multitudinous, superficial references to authors and personages, which few, except those who have easy references to books, would know. His knowledge is of the librarian kind.

So much, or so little for our author.

And the value of the book, it may be asked, wherein does it lie? How does his "new" system of Classification, as Peignot calls it, differ from the many books of the time, by Citoyen Ameilhon, Citoyen Butenschoen, Citoyen Daunou, and Citoyens Camus, Coste, and Arsenne Thiébaut; and from the more distinguished contributions to the science by Gesner, Treffer, Schott, Naudé, Morhoff, Leibnitz and the immortal Bacon? These are questions whose answers would require a volume, and not an introductory note, so we will content ourselves with mentioning the important point in Parent's scheme. Edwards states it well in his *Memoirs of Libraries*, although, by the way, he seemed to have had some hesitation in speaking of the work at all. "Another scheme of this date", says he, "may, perhaps, deserve a word of remark in passing on", putting his pen on the vital spot, in the following words:

"Not the least curious thing connected with this essay is, that it includes a separate scheme for dividing literary history into fourteen great epochs, each of them connected with a predominating name. Its own epoch is sufficiently marked by the last three of these: '12th Epoch: Voltaire sketching on the walls of the Bastille the rough draft of the *Henriade*. 13th Epoch: Voltaire crowned at Paris. 14th Epoch: Bonaparte, the friend of the arts and of learning, consolidating the French Republic, and *giving peace to Europe*.' "

In other words, Parent introduced what librarians call a time division, hifalutin and sentimental, if you will, but not so unlike the fundamental principles which guided the modifiers of Bacon's scheme, wherein all human knowledge is regarded as issuing from three sources,—Memory, Imagination, and Reason. He added a human note characteristic of his day and generation, when all hearts were aflame for philosophic research, and the maxims of the Encyclopedists were watchwords which lived, despite the hostility of conservative censors and timid printers. We may see their influence, shorn of all the personal note and the enthusiasm which marked their birth, in the systems of classifications in use today.

For the translation of this essay, the Editors of the

Librarian's Series are indebted to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, who, with humor and ready sympathy, has finely caught and exactly reproduced in English the grandiloquence of our author.

H. W. K.

ESSAY
ON BIBLIOGRAPHY
AND ON THE ATTAINMENTS
OF A LIBRARIAN

*"Asinii Pollionis hoc Romae inventum,
qui primus bibliothecam dicando, ingenio
hominum rem publicam fecit."* Plin. Maj.

Asinius Pollio was the first who, consecrating a library in Rome, made the riches of the mind public property.

Price, 75 centimes.

FOR SALE

AT PARIS, at the Printing and Publishing House of
Chrétienne, rue Saint-Jacques, No. 278.

And by the Author, rue Jacob, No. 1198.

ANNO IX REP. FR.

TO THE PROFESSORS OF THE ECOLE CENTRALE
OF THE DEPARTMENT OF NIEVRE.

Citizens and former Colleagues,

If the Essay on Bibliography, which I offer the Public, is so fortunate as to win its suffrages, permit me to resign to you the chief part of the credit. It was in our conferences, where fraternity and the love of letters presided, that I conceived the project of arranging, in clear and methodical order, the riches acquired by the human mind during the long course of the lettered centuries.

Happy I shall be if your pupils and yourselves, Citizen Colleagues, recognize in this Essay the un-failing desire, which has always inspired me, to deserve your esteem and to be serviceable to the young.

Greeting and Friendship,

PARENT, the Elder, *Professor
of History and Geography.*

ESSAY

ON BIBLIOGRAPHY

AND ON THE ATTAINMENTS

OF A LIBRARIAN

THE scythe of time, reaping the great among men, has too often extended its ravages to the rare products of their genius.

Doubtless, the earliest childhood of the world was not that epoch in which, according to the records of an uncertain history, we see the savage and scattered Greeks receiving, like tutelary gods, those who taught them the first forms of government, and showed them those shapeless essays in the arts and sciences which, later on, the descendants of these same Greeks brought so brilliantly to perfection.

Doubtless, there were peoples being born, for us, when celebrated and populous nations had already shone out and been eclipsed by the revolution of the centuries. The art of monument building had not yet taught men how to contend successfully

against the efforts of destructive time. During how many centuries was the earth employed in contemplating, in nourishing, in renewing, the many generations of Chinese and Indians, of Chaldæans and Egyptians, of Titans, Scythians, Phœnicians, and Hebrews! And yet a few pages suffice to contain all the well-established knowledge that has been wrested from time with regard to these diverse peoples, antecedent to the epochs when the career of the known world began.

Let us not flatter ourselves that we are safe from the moral and physical revolutions of the globe that we inhabit; but let us dare, nevertheless, to assert that the history of mankind now rests upon foundations so vast, so solid, that it is hardly possible for revolutions of any sort to devour its essential pages.

Although great masters have preceded me in treating of the methods through which mankind, by dint of experiments, of inventions, and of genius, has succeeded in creating for itself a veritable immortality, I venture to mingle my feeble voice with their learned researches, in order to applaud those methods, and to set forth my views upon the art of bibliography and the attainments of a librarian.

PART THE FIRST.

PRINTING, for the wide sphere of human intelligence, plays the same part that nature plays for the terrestrial globe. The latter multiplies the germs of the creatures subject to her triple empire, as the former multiplies the products of the mind, with an indestructible prodigality. But the more nature lavishes, in the wide fields of life, the germs and the elements of her creatures, the more needful it is to have a clue to guide the progress of the observer. It is Natural History that supplies this Ariadne's Thread.

Printing, ⁽¹⁾ as rich and prodigal as nature, would crush us under the weight of its immense treasures if no one had discovered the art of subjecting them to a certain order which augments their value. This art is BIBLIOGRAPHY. ⁽²⁾

Here we take the word in its whole breadth, as meaning, not only the knowledge, but also the rational love, of the products of the mind.

If, by insensible degrees, man has come to know

(1) The invention of Printing goes back at most to the year 1440. Faust and Schoeffer, his son-in-law, were collaborators with Gutenberg in this superb invention, and deserve to share in its glory.

(2) From two Greek words meaning, Writing about Books.

the true principles and the advantages of association; if he has turned to profit the arts and the inventions of industry and of genius, in order to reach a degree of perfection which lifts him as far above savage man as the savage surpasses the insentient oyster fixed upon its rock; if he has preserved the written titles which bear witness to his nobility and his rights; if, during the course of centuries and of revolutions, he has been able to consult the great book of experience, that first and indispensable teacher of mankind, can we doubt that it is to bibliography that he owes these precious advantages?

If civilized man, despite the crimes generated by the vicious principles and the evil men that, almost everywhere, have presided over the organization of society; if, I say, social and reasonable man knows how to savour true pleasures and moments of happiness; if a man of private and modest station often finds, in the bosom of a happy obscurity, that his lot is preferable to that of the great and mighty of the earth; if the mighty man hears day by day a thousand voices crying to him that he must bridle his ambition and work for the welfare of his fellow-citizens, that only upon this condition is he great; if the man of letters acquires in a few days knowledge that cost his predecessors half-centuries of time; if the artist is continually surrounded by rivals and

great masters who lead him to perfection in his art ; if the opulent man knows a wise, worthy, and delightful way to utilise his riches ; if the youth can experience pure pleasures which serve as an antidote to corrupting pleasures, can form useful tastes which by degrees extinguish dangerous or irrational tastes, and can foster felicitous inclinations which counterbalance turbulent and baleful passions ; if, finally the old man in each of the moments that remain to him, can possess all past ages, and console himself for his approaching end by the enchanting spectacle of centuries, generations, and nations rapidly succeeding each other in the vast course of existence, who can deny that these many benefactions are due to the progress of bibliography ?

If, to conclude, instead of repeating with certain morose or too short-sighted moralists, that the world grows daily more corrupt, we perceive, in a future doubtless still too distant, that happy time when reason and nature shall make their voices heard and respected in the one hemisphere and the other ; when truth shall triumph over all the phantoms of error ; when the liberty of united peoples shall henceforward be safe from those deadly attacks, those grievous revolutions, which devour whole generations ; when the morality of nature shall overturn all the ensanguined altars of a dreadful superstition to establish the simple, uniform, universal

worship of virtues useful to the great family of mankind; when all the barriers, moral, political, and religious that separate the nations shall be overthrown, we must expect these marvels as a result of the fertilizing light spread abroad by bibliography.

These advantages, perceived by thinking men, were coveted by all the celebrated peoples of antiquity. Everyone knows that King Ismandes⁽¹⁾ consecrated the interior chambers of the most famous of Egyptian palaces to the preservation of the first library of the universe and that on the portal of this palace of learning were inscribed these words, in Greek: *The Pharmacy of the Soul*.

If, among the usurpers of supreme power, there are some whose names seem less horrifying than others in the memories of free men, we may count among them Pisistratus, to whom we should give credit, not only for respecting the person of the sage Solon when he destroyed his work, but especially for being the first to form a precious library at Athens.

Who would have believed it? The imbecile Xerxes, madly jealous though he was of the glory

(1) Or Osymandes. This was a great triumph over the hierophants, who had carefully hidden the books and the sources of knowledge. Hieroglyphic writing was long employed only in order that everything might remain a mystery to the people which all the members of the same social organization have a right to know and an interest in knowing.

of Athens, respected the library that Pisistratus had founded, and piously transported it to Persia, whence it was returned by the Seleucidæ to the sacred enclosure of its original home.

HONOR to this immortal soil of Greece, the soil of science and the arts! where even the despots, dominated by public opinion, prided themselves upon preserving and embellishing the repositories of learning, and upon thus tacitly recognizing the crimes of tyranny, the rights of the people, and the noble principles of liberty.

The most powerful princes did not think that to seek and to collect the works of literature was the least brilliant of the enterprises entrusted to their ambitious grandeur. The most celebrated men, after having drawn a part of their excellence therefrom, made it their glory and their pleasure to multiply the sources of bibliography.

Alexander, nourished on the fine arts of Greece, devoted a rich jewel of the kings of Persia to the preservation of the rarest product of the human mind, the *ILIAD*. This same conqueror used his treasures, and the genius of his tutor, in collecting the works of nature and of philosophy from every place on the earth which he traversed in triumph.

The Ptolemys, his worthy successors in Egypt, immortalized themselves by a bibliographical collection, known as the Alexandrian Library. How many

tears, during almost nineteen centuries, have been drawn from the eyes of scholars by the impious flames which, under the triumvirate of Cæsar and Pompey, devoured this valuable library, a library which, in more modern times, when a new collection, larger if not more precious than the first, had been formed of its fragments and the fruits of several centuries, served as food for the fanatical pyres which were lighted by the fierce Omar!

But, turning our affrighted gaze from the dreadful outrages of despotism and superstition, those eternal enemies of knowledge and of nations, let us carry it rapidly over the illustrious friends and the founders of bibliographical monuments.

On the shores of the Propontis I see the learned Philetærus, chief of the Attalids, founding a brilliant empire and bringing together the famous library of Pergamos, which taught the celebrated Attalus the secret of being happier on the throne through the possession of intellectual wealth than through that of the immense treasures which prolonged economy secured for him.

Paulus Æmilius, philosopher and warrior, triumphs over the unhappy Perseus, the last king of Macedonia. Rare and innumerable riches are laid at his feet. Paulus Æmilius has them carried to the public treasury; but the library he causes to be transported carefully to Rome, as the most precious

heritage he could bequeath to his children. It is in the time of this great man, and by virtue of his example, that books multiply in Rome, and give birth to the taste for learning and for bibliography.

Who has not heard boasts about the immense domains, the sumptuous table, of Lucullus? But is it as well known that this Roman general owed his military successes to his love and study of books? Is it as well known that he owed to the good use of his vast library the beloved and illustrious name that he left among the *beaux esprits* and the distinguished personages of the Roman Republic?(1)

Pompey had a passionate love for books, and discerned the inaptitude of a tutor in his badly chosen library.

Asinius Pollio, virtuous and learned republican as well as famous warrior, was the first to establish public libraries in Rome. It was in the bosom of his own, enriched by the rarest books, that he forgot the grandeurs and splendors that attend public office, and disdained the friendship of Octavius, the oppressor of Roman liberty.

Octavius, after becoming the Emperor Augustus,

(1) Cicero and Cato the Elder often buried themselves in the library of Lucullus; and Cicero says that Cato, in the midst of so many volumes, seemed a *helluo librorum*: a devourer of books.

Cicero himself tells us that he saved the profits of his harvests to buy the library of Atticus.

thought to win oblivion for the crimes of the triumvirate by protecting letters and scholars. The most solemn proof that he gave of his love for the fine arts was the care he took to bring together a public library in the temple of Apollo Palatine.

The Roman Empire falls into decadence, and with it is entombed the taste for bibliography. Everywhere swarms of ignorant barbarians carry fire and the sword, servitude or death, and, finally, that ignorance which is in itself more deadly than all these horrible scourges. The wellsprings of bibliography are dried up, and still more often are poisoned by the ministrants of superstition or tyranny.

Despite the laudable endeavors of Charlemagne in the cause of letters, learning remained concentrated in the depths of the monasteries, and what sort of learning was that which had as its guides only the systematic enemies of reason and nature! As the art of writing no longer existed except in the hands of a small number of monks, day by day bibliography lost some of its ancient riches; and, owing to the great cost of simple manuscripts of a few pages, sovereigns alone were able to collect them and in scanty numbers only.⁽¹⁾ Moreover, as the mystical subtleties of a few theologians occupied, by preference, the idleness of the monks, the

(1) Antony of Palermo sold his house to buy a manuscript of Livy.

masterpieces of Greece and Rome languished in the corners of innumerable ill-ordered libraries. What am I saying! Scarcely a monastic superior could be found who did not claim merit, after the example of Gregory I, for the destruction of what he called pagan authors; and it was thus that almost all celebrated works were mutilated, and came near to being wholly wrested from the clasp of immortality. Ah! can the treasures that escaped from this terrible persecution of the centuries of ignorance ever console us for those that were devoured?

But there shines a ray of hope for the eyes of philosophers. The fall of the Empire of the East pours into Europe a great number of learned men and the sources of knowledge. Enriched by the spoils of the conquered, and by a very widely extended commerce, the Arabs, satiated with luxury, are no longer, as were their ancestors, ignorant satellites of the fierce Omar, but are friends of the fine arts. The three parts of the known world receive from the hands of these warrior-traders the germs of philosophy and the cult of poetry and agreeable talents.

At last thou appearest, happy Gutenberg, aided by thine immortal colleagues, Faust and Schöffer. From your presses, furnished with characters cut in wood, come masterpieces, which surpass the beautiful script of the fourteenth century, and which

still amaze the great masters of typographic art! May your names, inscribed upon the temple of memory, ever-more be cherished by the lovers of bibliography!

The mind of man takes a new flight; ignorance trembles at the fading of the shadows that hide its hideous nudity, its despicable folly. The springs of knowledge multiply; the Roman clergy is no longer for Europe that which the mysterious hierophants were for ancient Egypt. Men of all ranks, of all conditions, acquire a taste for learning; universities, academies, colleges, learned associations, everywhere open the sources of instruction. Learning promotes learning: the nobility, formerly honored for its ignorance, embellishes its 'châteaux' with bibliographical collections when once the father of philosophy in France, Michel Montaigne, has taught it great lessons and set it a great example.

Charles VIII founds the library of the 'Collège de Navarre,' the oldest known to literary France. Brought up in this college, the renowned Cardinal d'Ailly bequeaths to it a portion of his possessions, and the most precious of all, his library.

Francis I, rightly called the father of Letters and the Fine Arts, who treated as an equal the celebrated Raphael, founds the 'Collège Royale' and the library which has served as the first foundation of the 'Bibliothèque Nationale.'

Nevertheless, great obstacles still barred the advance of bibliography. Philosophy, far from presiding over the collections that were being formed, groaned under the system of proscriptions adopted by the court of Christian Rome. The Index of the popes was, perhaps, more hurtful to the progress of bibliography, at the time of the renaissance of letters, than the flames, which for six months warmed with heaps of volumes the baths of Alexandria. But a moral power arose, rivalling that of the popes; the opinions of men were divided between Rome and Geneva; and thenceforward the Index became, for the opposing party, a sure means of recognizing and searching for those products of the mind that religious despotism wished to annihilate. Thus, amid the deplorable dissensions which, for more than two centuries, bred the misfortunes of our Catholic or Huguenot forefathers, philosophy, silently intent upon the preparation of the remedies that could heal the ills of the human mind, gathered and conserved, in the libraries of the leaders of various factions, the precious works that gave umbrage to intolerance.

The instance of the learned David Ancillon, pastor of Metz, deserves to be cited. In the silence of unremitting study, Ancillon had collected, during the course of forty-four years, thousands of books and manuscripts, spending among them the greater

part of his life. Above all, he sought for first editions, and counted in his rich collection specimens of the earliest great masters of typography. ⁽¹⁾

The Edict of Nantes is revoked; Ancillon, proscribed, is forced to fly, to steal away from his books, to tear himself from the arms of his friends. His library falls a prey to swarms of covetous or ignorant men. But, happily, foreseeing this horrible stroke of despotism, Ancillon had removed from his retreat, and sent to a safe sanctuary those of his books which royal or religious intolerance would have devoured.

But, indeed, what could all the strivings of superstitious sects and ignorant despots then effect against the torrents of enlightenment which, day by day, flowed from the typographical press? The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries rescued from obscurity, and multiplied the works of the ancients; hosts of profoundly learned men seemed to emerge from the schools of Aristotle and Plato, of Seneca, Plutarch, and Quintilian. If bibliography was then burdened with voluminous and oftentimes formless productions, at least it found, in these indefatigable writers, diligent hands, which gleaned with respect everything that lettered antiquity had passed on to

(1) Bayle was for first editions, saying that here is the first thought of the author, while the corrections of later editions afford highly instructive lessons.

us athwart the revolutions of centuries and of empires.

The seventeenth century was for bibliography a century of conquests, or, it may better be said, of the most abundant harvests. All the empires of Europe, all the cities, all the cantons, all the societies, had their own libraries ; and that which, in the erudite family of the Fuggers, ⁽¹⁾ the preceding century had offered as a marvel, now became common, almost necessary, to all well-to-do citizens.

What, in conclusion, shall we say of our own century, when the sources of bibliography, accessible on every side, offer even to children the milk of knowledge and the chance to be, at eighteen years of age, richer in deeds than the too-famous Pico della Mirandola was in words, and to seem, more truly than the learned Thomas Dempster, great talking libraries?

But here let us pause to bless the French Revolution, one of the most precious benefits of which has been the giving to bibliography all the latitude, and all the liberty that philosophy for a long time had claimed for itself. Henceforward one and another wellspring of knowledge will no longer be sealed ;

(1) One of these, named Huldric Fugger, owned a library the books of which equalled the stars in number. His relatives tried to have him put under restraint, but the sentence was annulled. He bequeathed his library to the Elector Palatine.

ignorance will no longer condemn to exile, to proscription, the native products of genius; despotism will no longer devote to the flames the conceptions of free men; nor will superstition again erect, between books and men, those barriers which stood formidable for too long a time. ⁽¹⁾

(1) Now, it is the philosophers who are proscribed under ignorant and ferocious emperors; again, it is Aristotle who, after being the rival of theologians, is condemned as a source of heresy. There, it is Galileo who, as Voltaire humorously remarks, begs pardon for being right with regard to the movements of celestial bodies; here, it is Voltaire himself who, in his supposed quality of atheist, is forced, like Descartes, to seek a new fatherland.

PART THE SECOND

Of the Librarian

FIRST SECTION

What the Librarian should be ; His Attainments

WE MUST grant, however, that these many benefits gain a new degree of usefulness when enlightened directors preside over the sacred repositories of bibliography. A public library is like the mines of Potosi, which hold in their bosom the metallic riches that feed the industry of nations ; and a librarian is the skilful mineralogist who has explored all the veins of the mines ; who knows and indicates those that are abundant or sterile, useful or dangerous ; who prescribes the excavations required for successful working ; and, lastly, who classifies the divers metals, and prepares them for the crucible.

If all librarians have not the wide knowledge and the gifts of a Demetrius Phalereus, to whom the Ptolemys confided the direction of the Alexandrian Library, it must still be felt that the important functions they exercise demand attainments that are not common. The knowledge and the methods

of a librarian should be like the table which, at the beginning of a book, co-ordinates all its contents.

To understand the origin and the filiation of human acquirements, the ties and fraternal affinities that unite among themselves all the mechanical or liberal arts; to be able to follow from century to century, from age to age, the chronology of authors and artists; to know what riches of intellect, of genius, of talent, belong to this or that nation, so that all the periods beloved by philosophy and literature present themselves distinctly to the memory, so that the times of Homer and Thales, of Bias and Solon, that of Pindar and Euripides, of Demosthenes and Isocrates, of Socrates and Plato, of Thucydides and Xenophon, of Meton and Hippocrates, of Phidias and Apelles, and, again, that of Aratus and of Phocion, of Epicurus, Zeno, Menander, Archimedes, and Theocritus, do not fall into an embarrassing confusion, so that the reigns of Alexander, of the Ptolemys, of the Attalids may show with great clearness the boundaries that circumscribed their intellectual patrimony; to follow among the Romans the progress of their knowledge more scrupulously than that of their arms, from the time when they had adopted the arts of the Etruscans and, with reprehensible jealousy, had destroyed the precious monuments which these children of ancient Greece had erected in the time of their prosperity; to pass from the essays

of Ennius, of Lucilius, of Plautus, of Cato the Censor, to the immortal creations of Lucretius, of Catullus, Terence, Julius Cæsar, Sallust, and the prince of eloquence; to perceive, quickly following these, their renowned rivals, a Horace, a Virgil, a Livy, a Phædrus, all those, in fact, who lent the brilliance of their glory to the Age of Augustus; to separate from these last, by a line of demarcation, a Pliny, a Seneca, a Lucan, a Tacitus, a Martial, a Quintilian, a Ptolemy, a Papinian, a Vitruvius; to know how to distinguish, in the thick shadows of an ignorance due to the barbarian irruptions, the precious gleams diffused along the literary horizon by a Boëthius, a Cassiodorus, a Procopius, and a Symmachus, by the reigns of Charlemagne and of Alfred the Great, by Avicenna, by Abélard and his Héloïse, by Averroës, Robert de Sorbonne, Matthew of Paris, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Jean de Meung, Lullius, Dante, Joinville, P. de Cugnières, Daniello Bartoli, Boccaccio, and Petrarch and by Wycliffe, Froissart, Pierre d'Ailly, Leonardo Aretin, and Poggio; to gather among the Arabs, grown all-powerful in Europe, Asia, and Africa, the literary monuments and especially the poetical works begotten by the genius of the Orient in the different parts of their vast domains: all this is the first and the most solid foundation upon which the librarian should erect the edifice of his attainments.

The revolution produced in bibliography at the end of the ages of ignorance by the wonderful invention of Gutenberg increases the labors of the director while making them easier. Step by step, he follows the literary generations that rapidly succeed one another. Bessarion, Antony of Palermo, Juvenal des Ursins, and Villon open for him this great vista. Then he sees the entry of Agricola, Boiardo, Politian; and, following in their steps, bringing the fifteenth century to its close, Calepino, Christopher Columbus, Philippe de Comines, Despautère, Saint-Gelais, Joseph Pontano, and Pomponazzi the sceptic.

What joys the succeeding century offers him! What a harvest for his memories! What precious monuments for his bibliographical shelves! What radiance does the century of Frances I and Leo X shed abroad in the world!

Three periods or generations compose this century of resuscitated learning : the period of Francis I, that of Henry II, and that of Henry IV.

During the first period, Paracelsus, Erasmus, Agrippa, appear in philosophy; Ariosto, Bembo, Marot, Sannazaro, in poetry; Guillaume du Bellay, Macchiavelli, Thomas More, in politics; Copernicus, Fernando Cortez, Ferdinand Magellan, in scientific discovery; Mantegna, Raphael, in the arts; and Guicciardini, Aldus Manutius, Paulus Æmilius and Polydore Virgil, in history.

Robert Estienne presides over the second period, which is illumined by such men of learning as de Thou, Julius Cæsar Scaliger, Giovio, Fracastor, and Paulus Jovius; by agreeable poets like Pietro Aretino, Trissino, Pibrac, and Margaret of Navarre; by Michel de L'Hôpital, the model of legislators, in days of crimes and storms; by Zabarella, the bold philosopher, near the faggots of the Inquisition; by Buchanan, Danès, Cardan, Rabelais, and Muret, estimable literary men; by Michelangelo, one of the eagles of the art of painting, who nevertheless does not eclipse the radiance with which a Titian or a Paul Veronese shines in the temple of memory.

During the period of the good Henry, Clio presents on behalf of history Jacques Amiot, du Bartas, Baronius, Aldus Manutius the Younger; on behalf of politics, Bodin and Sully; on behalf of learned and chronological research, Justus Lipsius, Joseph Scaliger, and Gerard Vossius; and on behalf of jurisprudence, Guy Coquille and Cujas. Euterpe gaily advances, holding by the hand Bernardo Tasso; Terpsichore moves with measured steps, repeating some of the songs of Régnier, Desportes, and Passerat. Erato, with her lyre, leans upon Etienne Pasquier and Beza. Urania measures the skies with Tycho Brahe; and Nicot, who upon the earth follows their course, brings to France the powder that receives his name. Polyhymnia, escorted by a

throng of artists and philologists, smiles upon Annibale Carracci, Christophe Plantin, Henri Estienne, upon the brothers Pithou, Michel Montaigne, and Pierre Charron. Calliope lends her heroic trumpet to Torquato Tasso and de Camoëns. And Thalia and Melpomene, soaring above the rude and ridiculous theatres which our pious ancestors then erected to them, imperatively call upon the scene the great masters of dramatic art. Soon their long widowhood shall be gloriously consoled by the modern equals of a Sophocles and a Terence.

But let us pause at the entrance of the seventeenth century. However glorious for the human mind may be the immense list of names supplied us by the reigns of Louis XIII and Louis XIV, however opulent for bibliography, agreeable to the memory, seductive to the imagination, and, finally, however dear to august philosophy, we cannot present it here without falling into a fatiguing monotony ; but we may suppose that the librarian knows all the robust and perennial plants that adorn the forests of bibliography, from the humble, greenish heather to the majestic oaks that hide their foreheads in the clouds.

Beginning with the period of the reign of Louis XIII, floods of light are seen streaming from all parts of Europe. England prides herself upon her Francis Bacon, her William Camden, her Shakespeare ; Scotland, upon Barclay ; the Netherlands,

upon Van Dyck, Grotius, Daniel Heinsius; Italy glories in Tommaso Campanella, Davila, Guido Reni, Domenichino, Galileo, Guarini, and the Chevalier Marini; Spain, in Cervantes and Lope de Vega; Germany grows illustrious through Johannes Kepler and Peter-Paul Rubens; Geneva, through Isaac Casaubon; and, lastly, France prepares the dazzling splendor of the next generations with the lyre of Malherbe and Brébeuf, with the telescope of Descartes and Gassendi, with the quiet lamp of such as Mersenne, Pétau, Naudé, Salmasius, and Sainte-Marthe, with the mirror of La Mothe le Vayer and Pascal, with the burin of a J. Aug. de Thou, a Brantôme, a Rapin de Thoyras, with the pen of a Voiture and a Vaugelas, with the buskin of Jean de Rotrou, with the flageolet of Scarron and Sarrasin, with the scales of Nicholas Sanson, and even with the pegs of Maître Adam Billaut.

However extensive, however fatiguing, the knowledge of this nomenclature may be for the librarian, if he knows authors and their works only by the titles they bear, like those pompous ignoramuses of whom Seneca speaks, he will continually find himself unequal to his duties, and will be no more useful to the progress of knowledge in his country than the sentinel stationed by the police near national monuments.

Thus to know the main thoughts and the systems

of authors ; to be a stranger to none of the liberal arts or sciences ; to possess precise ideas about the principal ancient and modern languages ; to ignore none of the revolutions that the works of the mind have undergone, and none of those diverse editions which have given them a new life : such must be the intelligent director whom his fellowcitizens have thought worthy to supervise the repository of learning.

But, above all, with how much ardor must the qualified director be able to question the most distinguished bibliographers and the typographers to whom the human mind owes the perfecting of the marvelous art of Printing ! With what care and pains must he offer to his fellowcitizens the rare first efforts of Faust, Schöffer, and Gutenberg in Germany ; the learned editions of the Estiennes in France ; those of Robert Estienne and Conrard Badius at Geneva, of the brothers Simon of Paris, of Robert Constantin of Caën, and of that Josse Badius to whom typographic art owes, if not the invention, at all events the familiar use, of round Roman types instead of the Gothic types that were more generally employed ; the still more elegant examples of the four Elzevir brothers, whose presses immortalized the cities of Leyden and Amsterdam ; those of the Vatican under the direction of the Alduses and Paul Manutius of Venice and of that Michel

Vascosan, associate of the Badiuses and the Estiennes, who, by beauty of type and paper and of marginal spaces, and by exactness of impression, won for himself a distinguished name in a forever memorable family.

Nevertheless, his love for these earliest typographic masterpieces is not an idolatry that weakens his admiration for their famous successors. The Creeches, the Maittaires, the Baskervilles of London, enable him but to appreciate more justly the talents of Sigismond Havercamp of Leyden, of the Barbous of Limoges and Paris, of the Cousteliers, of the Baudoins upon whom France prides herself, and above all of the Didots whose stereotyped editions must effect a happy revolution, and mark a memorable epoch, in bibliography and typographic art.

Aided by the catalogue of the most renowned printers, he will be able to distinguish true and pure editions from adulterated counterfeits. Furthermore, will not his steps be guided by those erudite bibliographers whom he takes pains to interrogate in regard to the editions as well as to the merits and the intelligence of authors?—for example, Casaubon, librarian of Henry IV, as distinguished for his learning as for his candor and tolerance in a century of religious wars; Claude François Simon, printer and author, learned in mythological

researches ; the brothers Pithou, respected in a time of factions and hatreds for their learning, their probity, and their distinguished talents in the magistracy ; the brothers Henri and Adrien Valois, bibliographers of France ; Denis Lambin, that scrupulous commentator ; and that Adrien Turnèbe whom several neighboring peoples tried to take away from France so that they might profit by his exquisite gifts for printing and for literature. ⁽¹⁾

SECOND SECTION

Plan and Method of the Librarian

To present in an easy and luminous order the filiation of human acquirements—this should be the whole aim of the methods of a librarian established near an *Ecole Centrale*. His bibliographical resources being not very great, and his means limited, his plan in consequence cannot be as vast as though he presided over one of the repositories of literature which, much larger than those of Alexandria and Pergamos, proclaim with majestic affluence the enlightenment of the whole nation.

(1) Turnèbe took so much pleasure in his books that he passed several hours among them on the very day of his marriage.

I have seen many libraries, public and private, but none that showed me, at a single glance, even a few of those great results which delight the imagination, nourish an enquiring spirit, and preclude mental delusions.

I have seen prodigal opulence, with no other aim than to be in fashion, amass volumes bought by the yard, and use them to furnish its pompous apartments. *Plerisque litterarum ignaris, libri, non studiorum instrumenta sunt, sed aedium ornamenta.* ⁽¹⁾

I have seen the worship of obscure antiquity collect its volumes covered with dust or worn by time, prefer the formless and scarcely authentic shreds of Syriac or Hebrew, Etruscan, Arabic, Celtic, Chinese, or Gothic literature to the immortal productions of Greece and Rome, bury itself in the bibliography of the fifteenth century and neglect the infinite riches of the seventeenth and eighteenth.

I have seen caprice and frivolity preferring, with an opposite kind of idolatry, editions brought forth by luxury or blind fashion, and esteeming books only in so far as morocco has lent them its livery, as their edges are double-gilt, as their size is dainty and portable, or, finally, as their assemblage upon costly shelves produces an elegant uniformity.

(1) For most of the ignorant, books are not a means of instructing themselves but of adorning their apartments.

Ridiculous abuse of learning and of wealth! *An ignoscas homini aptanti armaria cedro atque ebore, et inter tot millia librorum, oscitanti, cui voluminum suorum frontes maxime placent?*

I have seen the half-learned, entombed in immense bibliographical collections, keeping secret with a new sort of charlatanism the distribution and the order they had adopted, moving with a ridiculous arrogance amid their scientific series, and mysteriously opening their registers and their alphabetical shelves as in earlier times the hierophants of Egypt, with scrupulous precautions, opened their sacred books and half unveiled their hieroglyphics to Plato and the Pythagoreans.

There, I have seen monastic sloth, asleep on the enormous folios of the holy fathers and their ponderous commentators, rouse itself only to condemn to the flames the poems of Horace or the essays of Montaigne.

Here, I have seen antagonistic sects carrying even into the sanctuaries of bibliography their spirit of intolerance and their horrible systems of excommunication, Geneva and Rome striving each to

(1) What shall one think of a man who builds his shelves of cedar and ivory, and who, idle in the midst of several thousands of volumes, values his books only for their titles and their frontispieces?

exclude the other from these vestibules of the temple of memory, the fiery Calvin repulsing the voluptuous Leo X and being, in his turn, excommunicated by him, the famous society that produced Pétaus, Rapins, Vanières, and Bourdaloues refusing to share the same horizon with the learned authors of Port-Royal, and *vice versa*.

Just now I have seen Ignorance, calling itself the friend of Liberty and pluming itself upon a blind patriotism, repudiate or even destroy works fathered by the friends or famous pensioners of kings, only to take up those born in the bosom of ancient or modern republics, and thus unfortunately provoke a charge of vandalism against the wise friends of the Republic. ⁽¹⁾

(1) This may be said without adopting the hypocritical wail of some of the half-learned, who, creating or reviving this word *vandalism*, have tried to justify their hatred of the Revolution. Here is something that happened to me. An officer of the Revolutionary Guard, as ignorant as he was sincere, came to my house and, with a stroke of his sword, destroyed a beautiful print by Sebastien Leclerc, representing an evangelical subject. Arriving at the moment when he was about to lay hands upon others, I made him understand the merits of these works and the respect due to the fine arts, and since then the arts have had no more zealous defender. Is not this ignorance, which has caused disasters so great in the realm of letters and fine arts, one more crime to be imputed to the *ancien régime* rather than to the patriots? Let us take care not to adopt without commentary words which the antagonists of philosophy and liberty have employed against them.

Lastly, and still more often, I have seen the partisans of royalty and the tools of superstition renewing in their ancestral libraries the criminal excesses of the fierce Omar, of domineering popes, of the fanatical Sorbonne, and of Séguier the parliamentary, by proscribing the immortal works of philosophy and the ardent pages of republicanism.

It is evident that a librarian superior to religious prejudices, to exclusive systems, to the fantasies of luxury and the pettinesses of semi-erudition will not adopt any of these methods, which tend to narrow instead of widening the limits of human intelligence. The librarian, like the historian, belongs to his own country but is the friend of all others. He is not the priest of any faith, the minister of any sect, the chief of any faction, the initiate of any coterie, the adept or candidate of any academy, the idolatrous partisan of any system.

O you who are called to govern any of the temples consecrated to the sciences and the fine arts, imbue yourself with the importance of your functions; let your mind be filled with great and liberal ideas; and, to this end, come to the capital of the world of thought, to enjoy the enchanting spectacles offered you by the monuments of science and art, those august sanctuaries where the genius of the Buffons, the Daubentons, the des Thouins, the Davids and Lenoirs, still presides.

Behold, in galleries more magnificently adorned by the native products of all climes and of every element than they could be by the dazzling profuseness of luxury, behold how the riches of nature present themselves in orderly array to the eager gaze of the spectator ! Behold how orders, classes, genera, species, families, distinguish the insect and the reptile from their like, the bird from the bird, the quadruped from the quadruped, the fish from the amphibian ! Behold the surprising contrasts that Nature shows ! How she differentiates climates ! What brilliancy she gives to the diamonds of Golconda and Visapour ! What charming variations her brush paints upon the shells of Oriental seas ! To what great size she raises the insect and the reptile of America in comparison with the corresponding families of Europe ! One might say that the fable of the frog who tried to grow as large as the ox has finally been realized.

If from the temple of Nature you pass to that of the fine arts, ⁽¹⁾ although this monument truly worthy

(1) The Street and the House of the *Petits-Augustins* at Paris under the direction of Lenoir. I know this estimable citizen only by the grand and simple plan he has adopted, and it is because of the feeling of admiration he inspires in me that I venture to point out to him that, in his index, he has used the word *revolutionary* in such a way as to provoke disastrous conclusions. It is not befitting in the erudite artist, who in consequence of the

of a powerful people is only sketched out, you will be struck by a great, simple, luminous idea directing its learned arrangements. You will see SCULPTURE in its cradle, growing, waxing strong, perfecting itself from age to age, and reaching the point to which the CHISEL OF PIGALE has led it. . .

Each century has a sanctuary which contains its experiments or its masterpieces. Let us hope that in the end this plan, as grand as it is simple, may develop still more grandly, and that, all national predilections being renounced, the masterpieces of ancient peoples and of neighboring nations may be placed beside those of the natives of the soil.

What delightful moments the librarian must have passed in the bosom of public libraries and, above all, of the 'Bibliothèque Nationale !' (1) What a pleasing ecstasy must have captivated his senses ! What

Revolution finds himself clothed with a sort of priesthood in the liberal arts, to insinuate that the Revolution and its friends conspired against the fine arts.

(1) Rue de la Loi (formerly Rue Richelieu). A painful feeling has taken possession of me whenever I have left this library, seeing the ease with which this superb monument may be destroyed by fire. The police and safety regulations adopted by the late Directory are insufficient.

Isolate this sacred temple ; let a colonnaded enclosure, porticoes preceded by alleys of trees, by guard-houses, by arenas and gymnasia for bodily exercises, announce and realize the broad views of a perfected government ; or else, fear the fury of a new Erostratus !

useful reflections he must have made upon the measureless reach of the human mind !

Place on the loftiest summit of the proud Alps a Buffon, or a Buonaparte ; and, if possible, let your soul identify itself with his soul, in order to enjoy to the full the vast and magnificent spectacle that unrolls itself to his gaze ! Verdant plains where numerous herds are pasturing ; mountain crests covered with eternal snows ; hamlets, villages, towns, cities, countries, empires, governed by different laws and usages ; ancient forests and dim valleys ; rocks resting upon the brink of the most terrific precipices ; cavernous dens where the bird of prey hides his fierce habits and his hatred for the light ; groves of fig trees, of orange trees, of lemon trees, where birds of varied and brilliant plumage incessantly salute and celebrate the beauties of the dawning day and of the sun sinking below the horizon : such are the most striking beauties that will quicken the thoughts of the philosophic observer whom we have set in the centre of so many marvels.

But however sublime this spectacle may be, how narrow and circumscribed it is by comparison with the one that absorbs the enlightened man who has directed the arrangement of a bibliographical repository and is acquainted with all its riches ! How all the arts of human industry unfold to his eyes the

secrets of their mechanism ! How all the physical, moral, religious, political, and philosophical revolutions of our globe succeed one another ! How the nations are born, grow to maturity, flourish, and fall into decadence ! How the divine language of the Homers, Virgils, Voltaires, seems to transport him to a celestial sphere ! How the thunderous and persuasive voice of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Mirabeau, compels the attention of the surrounding universe ! How he beholds Réaumur and Buffon recording and painting, under the dictation of Nature, the habits of all living things from the republic of the laborious bee to the isolated horde of the monstrous elephant, from the brilliant tribes of the butterfly that lightly caresses the flowers to the innumerable families that soar above the storms ! How he beholds Archimedes taking his lever in hand and preparing to displace the globe on which we live !

It is true that not everything suggests to him grand and agreeable ideas, and that the errors of the mind, like the transgressions of the heart, do not form the least voluminous part of bibliography. Thus precipices, the aspect of which makes one tremble, arid rocks, poisons side by side with healing herbs, and serpents hidden under grass and flowers, have offered themselves to the gaze of our observer. But as he quickly turns his attention

toward the more satisfactory points of his vast horizon, so likewise the librarian hastens there where the aged Theocritus, Virgil, or Gesner gives forth the sweet sounds of his pipe, here where an Anacreon, a Tibullus, a Horace, a Chaulieu, a Bernard, softly sings the verses that amorous Erato inspires, or, farther again, where Lucian and Apulius, Swift and Sterne, Rabelais, Montesquieu, Lesage, and Marmontel enchant those who harken to their witty conversations and their allegorical lessons.

To procure for itself solid pleasures a cultivated spirit does not confine itself to rapid surveys; it subjects its meditations to a methodical variety. This useful method should result, at least I think so, from the plan which I propose for the classification of my bibliographical collection.

From the heroic times where we place the first rivulets of knowledge, the first essays of arts and of talents, down to our own day, including in the heroic period the obscure centuries with which the Chinese, the Indians, the Egyptians, Assyrians, and Chaldæans compose their early history—this long interval I divide into fourteen epochs noteworthy for bibliography:

FIRST EPOCH

HOMER, the father of poets and the marvel of his century, is the first to present himself in this great vista.

SECOND EPOCH

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, revenging Greece, protecting and enriching the fine arts, but oppressing liberty.

THIRD EPOCH

PAULUS ÆMILIUS, transporting to Rome the treasures of Perseus and notably the library of Macedonia.

FOURTH EPOCH

AUGUSTUS, surrounded by the fine arts, commanding for forty years all the known world.

FIFTH EPOCH

MARCUS AURELIUS, seating philosophy upon the throne of the Cæsars.

SIXTH EPOCH

OMAR I, the fanatical conqueror, burning the famous library of Alexandria and wishing to substitute for all bibliographical riches the Koran alone.

(39)

SEVENTH EPOCH

CHARLEMAGNE, contending with a monastic lamp against the thick shadows of his century and of those that followed.

EIGHTH EPOCH

GUTENBERG, in concert with Faust and Schöffer, creating typographic art, with the aid of which we have so many times centupled the resources of bibliography.

NINTH EPOCH

FRANCIS I and LEO X, bringing about the renaissance of the fine arts.

TENTH EPOCH

RICHELIEU, conversing in regard to learning with the first forty fathers of the French Academy.

ELEVENTH EPOCH

LOUIS XIV, proudly offering to the celebrated men of Greece and Rome rivals worthy of these famous republics.

TWELFTH EPOCH

VOLTAIRE, scrawling on the walls of the Bastille the first drafts of the *Henriade*.

THIRTEENTH EPOCH

VOLTAIRE, crowned at Paris, descending into the tomb at the age of eighty-four.

FOURTEENTH EPOCH

As the thirteenth epoch should include the immortal annals of the Revolution, nothing in which should be confounded with ordinary events, I think that it should be brief and should terminate with the end of this Revolution, which astounded the world and must some day ameliorate its condition. Thus may the fourteenth epoch entitle itself in this manner!

BUONAPARTE, friend of the arts and of scholars, consolidating the French Republic and giving peace to Europe.

Once I have formed the chronological framework of my bibliography, I pass to the classification of subjects, putting in a uniform order, which embraces successively all my epochs, the various subjects and the authors who have treated of them.

In the gallery containing a given epoch and a given subject the prose writers have their shelves distinct from those of the poets; and so it is with originals and translations, with pamphlets and bound volumes, with printed books and manuscripts. This is the only sacrifice of the sort that I

make in favor of appearances, for no such detail as the neatness of bindings or the form of editions, it seems to me, should turn the director away from the order that he has begun to adopt.

His shelves are prepared, his galleries distributed, according to epochs; and, like the spirit which, in the system of the Hebrews, disembroiled the chaos of the world, the director, placed in the midst of bibliographical treasures confusedly scattered, assigns to each author and to each of his works the sphere which, by his intelligence, he himself has created in the literary world.

The order of subjects that I propose is not the same as that adopted by the learned men who have classified and generalized knowledge, but I have based it, in so far as I have thought it possible to do so, upon the birth and progress of the arts and of civilization. I have also approximated to the order established in most of the national Gymnasia, consecrated to the instruction of youth.

FIRST DIVISION

AGRICULTURE

Who could dispute the right of Agriculture to that first rank which I give it—Agriculture, which has given birth to all the arts and, in some sort, has created nations and governments? I distinguish it,

furthermore, from the other arts because, in itself, it is a more abundant bibliographical source than all the others combined. I unite it with *COMMERCE* because their first elements have always been blended together at the birth of civilizations.

SECOND DIVISION

LANGUAGES AND GRAMMAR IN GENERAL

What a prodigiously extended scale the human mind traverses, from the syllabary of childhood to the dictionaries of academies and of the ablest etymologists, from the grammar of the islanders of the South Sea to the logic of Port-Royal and the essay of Locke on human understanding!

THIRD DIVISION

THE MECHANICAL ARTS

FOURTH DIVISION

THE LIBERAL ARTS

There we shall see the young Débutade, as she traces the lineaments of her lover on the wall that held his beloved shadow, bringing to birth one of the first of the fine arts, and, in modern times, Gutenberg inventing the most marvelous, perhaps, of them all, the one by which the thoughts of the learned are preserved as if cast in a mould.

FIFTH DIVISION

MATHEMATICS, which include arithmetic, geometry, and mechanics.

SIXTH DIVISION

BELLES-LETTRES, which are composed of all branches of literature, from the Gallic triolet to the Iliad of Homer, from the impetuous harangues of Demosthenes to the humorous allegories of Rabelais.

SEVENTH DIVISION

COSMOGRAPHY, which comprises the learned and useful observations of astronomers and geographers.

EIGHTH DIVISION

NATURAL HISTORY, that is, zoölogy, botany, and mineralogy.

NINTH DIVISION

CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS

In this division is to be found, in the first rank, *MEDICINE* or the art of healing, the principles of which must be the same as those of physics ⁽¹⁾, at least if it is not to degenerate into charlatanism.

(1) It is with good reason that, among certain peoples, physics and medicine are held to be the same thing. In English, *Physick* or *Physicks*, signifies the science of physics. *Physician* means a medical man and a physicist.

TENTH DIVISION

THE HISTORY OF NATIONS. The narratives of travelers belong in this division.

ELEVENTH DIVISION

LEGISLATION. Everything that pertains to the science of law, of government, and of political economy, should be included in this division.

TWELFTH DIVISION

MORALS

Here I trace a line of demarcation between works that treat of universal morality and those that contain the religious morality of a given sect and the theology of all peoples.

THIRTEENTH DIVISION

PERIODICAL WORKS

This class, which belongs to modern times, offers so great an abundance of bibliographical riches, in so great a variety of kinds, that I think it needful to assign it a special place in the general collection.

Here I shall doubtless be asked what place in these divisions I assign to authors who have treated of topics belonging in more than one division. What place, in fact, can be assigned to men who

have traversed all the climes of the literary world, leaving there the monuments of an almost universal genius? I consider in which branch such authors have most brilliantly excelled and I attach them to the division that contains it, but at the end of each division I have an analytical table of the authors whose works, although placed upon other shelves, nevertheless contain some productions that belong to this one.

Thus I place Aristotle in the second division, at the head of the masters of dialectics, but the sixth division in the alphabetical table recalls his poetics and his rhetoric, the eighth his history of animals, and the twelfth his morals.

In the same way our immortal Voltaire, placed, as an epic poet, in the sixth division, leaves in all the others monuments of his happy fecundity.

THIRD SECTION

DUTIES OF A LIBRARIAN

Finally, the librarian, imbued with the knowledge, as varied as it is broad, which his functions demand, after establishing in his scientific collection the order that we have merely sketched, must day by day remind himself of the important duties that philosophy and patriotism demand of him.



Library Science

Z
1001
.P23
1914

Parent, the Elder
Essay on Bibli-
ography. 1914.

Library Science

Z
1001
.P23
1914